

## Children's Department.

From Boone, Pa.

This is my first letter that I write for the EVANGELIST. I see so many letters from little girls, so I thought I would write one too. I am nine years old. I went to school this winter. We had six months school. We have a quarter of a mile to the church. We only have preaching every six weeks. J. H. Knepper is our preacher. I will close by asking a question. What verse in the Bible has only two words? If this escapes the waste-basket, I will write again.

April 28.

GRACE WALKER.

From Bloomer, Ohio.

This is my first letter to the EVANGELIST. I will be eight years old June 6. Papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. I have one little sister, five years old. Brother Simon Mikesell preaches the fourth Sunday of each month. We like him very much. I will close for this time. If I see this in print, I will try to write again. Good-bye,

April 28.

EDITH HILL.

From Conemaugh, Pa.

I thought I would write a letter for the EVANGELIST. This is the first time I write a letter for the paper. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. Our school closed last Monday. My teacher's name is Elda Dunmer. She is a very nice teacher. Our pastor's name is J. F. Koontz. I am twelve years old. I have two sisters and three brothers. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I will close by asking a question. What is the shortest verse in the Bible, and where is it found?

CLARA HILDERBRAND.

From Red Oak, Iowa.

This is my first letter to the EVANGELIST. I have two sisters. Their names are Clemma and Annie. I am eleven years old. I go to school. I am in the fourth room. My teacher's name is Miss Kelly. I go to the Baptist Sunday and Mission school. I received some circulars, and if you send the books in my name and address, I will try to sell The Story of Jesus.

April 24.

DANNIE HENRICKS.

WE cannot be saved without denying self. The Lord Jesus could not have saved us without denying himself. No pardon save through the blood of the cross; no progress in holiness save by the power of the Holy Ghost.—Rev. H. S. Patterson, M. D.

He gives twice who gives quickly.

### A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"He b'oked all her two foots off!" said Milly tearfully. Her tears were not so sorry ones as angry ones. She said she thought that brother Harry was a "very, very, very naughty boy!"

Mother said that she was afraid he was.

"But, then," said mamma, "I don't know what good it will do for you to be cross to him and spoil a day for both of you. Better be good to him and perhaps it will make him ashamed of himself."

"It *won't*!" said Milly with a scowl and a shake. "He has n't got any shamedness to him!"

"Well, then, I would do it for the sake of peace in the family," said mamma, turning away to hide a smile. "It makes a house a very sad place when two people get to quarreling and having grudges, no matter who is right or who is wrong about it."

"Den he need n't have b'oked my dolly's foots on purpose!" muttered little Miss Spunky, looking as if she had made up her mind, like a certain king of England, "never to smile again."

"Well, then," said mamma, sitting down and taking her in her arms as a last hope of getting the naughty spirit out of her, "I'll tell you a Golden Text reason for forgiving Harry and making all up with him. Tell me what your Golden Text is that you learned for Sunday."

"Christ died for us," repeated Milly.

"That is n't all."

"While we were yet sinners," said Milly.

"Yes, that is the part to remember. Jesus did n't stop to think whether people were good to him or not. He kept right on being good to them, no matter what they did. Sinner means one who is naughty or does wrong to God. Now everybody in the world has been bad and hateful to God—just as hateful as Harry was to you. But God did not say: "Now I never will have any more to do with such bad people!" No, indeed! What did he do? He was so sorry and he loved us so much that he sent down his own dear Son to die on a cross for us, just to give us a chance to come back and be his dear children. He never waited for us to get good first!"

Milly listened with a softer look in her face. Mamma knew the stubborn little heart she had to deal with, and was patient.

"I think I'd be ashamed not to be good to Harry when I thought about all that!" said mamma, rocking her as if she had been a little baby.

"Well, and so I is!" confessed poor Milly. "But I fink 't would be easier to die for some folks 'an it would to be nice to 'em!"

"Jesus did both," said mamma. "One is n't any use without the other. 'Being nice' is a part of the forgiveness. Now don't you want to get down and go ask Harry to take you out on his new sled riding?"

"Yes'm, I guess so," said Milly, all the scowls gone and her face full of sunshine.

"I told him I would n't, but I'll tell him it's a Golden Text reason."

"I would," said mamma. "Remember your little prayer:

More like Jesus would I be,  
Let my Savior dwell in me."

### A VERY SCANTY DINNER.

The following fact is recorded of a man who was in the habit of too often spending his days and nights lounging about grog-shops, gambling and indulging in the various gross amusements that pertain to such a life. One day while he and his cronies were employed as usual, his wife entered the tap-room bearing in her hands a dish. He looked up with surprise while she said:—

"I thought, husband, that as you were so busy, and had not time to come home to dinner, I would bring your dinner to you;" and setting the dish upon the table she quietly retired.

Calling his associates around him, he invited them to partake with him of the repast. Lifting the cover from the dish he found in it simply a piece of paper, on which was written:—

"Dear husband, I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is of the *same kind as your wife and children have at home.*"

The discomfiture of the husband may be imagined. The subject was too grim for mirth. The hungry wife and suffering children stood in vivid relief before the idle and shiftless man.

How many men there are throughout the length and breadth of our land who are daily pursuing the same wretched course! Oh, that the voice of God speaking within their souls may awaken them to their obligations and their sins, and turn their feet into the right way! How many weary hearts and desolate homes would thus be made glad! how many sad and tearful wives would sing for joy! How many children, alas! would rejoice in comfort and plenty, who now are oppressed with poverty, want, and woe!

SHUN all that is distracting and disquieting, both within and without. Nothing in the whole world is worth the loss of thy peace. Even the faults which thou hast committed should only humble, but not disquiet thee.—G. Tersteegen.